Which 1400. yeares agoe were nailde,
For our aduantage on the bitter Crosse:
But this our purpose is twelue month old,
And bootles tis to tell you we will goe.
Therefore we meet not now: then let me heare
Of you my gentle Cosen *Westmerland*,
What yesternight our Counsell did decree,
In forwarding this deere expedience.

West. My Liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set downe
But yesternight, when all athwart there came
A Post from *Wales*, loaden with heauie newes;
Whose worst was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of *Herefordshire* to fight
Against the irregular and wilde *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered:
Vpon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameles transformation
By those Welch-women done, as may not be
Without much shame, retold or spoken of.

King. It seemes then that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our busines for the Holy-land.

West. This matcht with other like my Gracious Lord,
Far more vneuen and vnwelcome newes,
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotspur* there
Yong *Harry Percie*, and braue *Archibald*,
That euer valiant and approued *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* met, where they did spend
A sad and bloody houre:
As by discharge of their Artillarie,
And shape of likelihood the newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take Horse,
Vncertaine of the issue any way.

King. Here is a deare, and true industrious friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horse,

Stainde

Staindewith the variation o
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and t
And he hath brought vs sm
The Earle of *Dowglas* is disc
Ten thousand bold *Scots*, tw
Balkt in their owne blood d
On *Holmedon* plaine: of pri
Mordake Earle of *Fife*, and e
To beaten *Dowglas*, and the
Of *Murrey*, *Angus*, and t*M*
And is not this an honorab
A gallant prize? Ha, Coose
West. A Conquest for a
King. Yea, there thou ma
In enuy, that my Lord *Nor*
Should be the Father of so
A Sonne, who is the Theam
Amongst a Groue, the very
Who is sweet Fortunes Mi
Whilst I by looking on the
See Ryot and dishonour st
Of my yong *Harry*. O tha
That some night-tripping
In Cradle clothes our chil
And cal'd mine *Percy*, his *P*
Then would I haue his *Ha*
But let him from my thou
Of this yong *Percies* pride?
Which he in this aduentu
To his owne vse he keepes
I shall haue none but *Mor*
West. This is his Vnckle
Maleuolent to you in all a
Which makes him prune
The crest of Youth againt
King. But I haue sent fo
And for this cause a while
Our holy purpose to *Ieruſa*